HANNIBAL JOURNAL

AND WESTERN UNION.

O. CLEMENS, Editor and Publisher.

HANNIBAL, MO., NOVEMBER 20, 1851.

VOL. 2—NO 12

A Glimpse of the Elephant.

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL AND UNION.

BY ONE OF THE INITIATED.

(*Continued.*)

"A good evening to you, gentlemen; pleasant rest to you after the toilsome journey of to-day. Destined upon the same pilgrimage as ourselves, I presume, eh?—attracted by the same golden prospects. Well, well, 'tis not all gold that glitters. What a strange creature is man; I often wonder at him myself."

As this introduction was rather extraordinary, it rather nonplussed our bold voyageurs, and Tyndall was silent, and Flint was silent, and Sykesey was silent, probably meditating deeply on the excessive singularity of *genus homo*.

But Chaloner answered cordially:

"How do you do, sir? Ah! your observation was very true."

And he also lapsed into wonderment upon the same profound theme, but Tyndall continued, in his place,

"He is indeed, sir," but he added doubtfully, "I didn't know it till just now."

The Great Unknown did not appear desirous of canvassing the point further, for he continued:

"I have heard you are accompanied by a minister of the gospel. Are my ardent hopes well founded, or are they doomed to disappointment? Disappointments sink the heart of man, but the renewal of hope giveth consolation. Speak! my friends! Am I misinformed?

"You are not, sir," replied Tyndall. "One of our company is indeed an active, zealous minister—an humble, devout Christian. We have all derived inexpressible benefits from his tutorings."

And as he spoke he shoved forward the 'active, zealous, humble and devout' Sykesey, continuing:

"Let me present to you the Rev. Mr. Waller—an ornament to the pulpit and the fireside," (par parenthesis—a very sorry one to any place.)

"Well, well," continued the old gentleman, "this meeting is like finding fresh water in the wilderness. Consider me, sir, as your most obedient servant."

Sykesey, to test the truth of his protestations, requested his new found helot to bring him a pailfull of water, which rather stumped the gentleman in drab. But Tyndall muttering,

"There's no use running the thing into the ground and breaking it off at the handle," relieved him of his mission.

"Ah! my soul! my soul!" said the visitor, as he seated himself by the fire on a pile of blankets."

"You'd better be lookin' after its interests," growled Sykes, aside.

"O, Lord! O, Lord!" said the new acquaintance.

"Quit your callin' on strangers;" saith the preacher to Flint.

Supper was by this time ready, and Mr. Boudurant—for thus the man in drab entitled himself—condescended to partake of the dainties served up, first asking a devout blessing. But a like calamity awaited him to that which it is related upon the indubitable authority of Mother Goose, once befel that mysterious individual, the man in the moon, who burnt his mouth eating cold porridge, save that in this case the article was hot bean soup.

While these *res gesta* were yet incipient, an Indian, mounted on a runtish, blind, halt and maimed pony—an animal comprising in unity all those evils the Savior alleviated while upon earth, for he was eminently possessed of a devil, came hobbling into camp. Our hero, gifted with a praiseworthy hospitality, gave him a largess of bread, beans, and a mug of coffee, but as the Kaw was a Kaw of refinement, he demanded "leetle mas zuear" to be infused in his nectar. To this reasonable request Mr. Appleface returned a decided negative, accompanied by obscure hints of a kicking, to be bestowed as to equity might pertain.

The Kanza deliberately emptied his beans and coffee on the ground and threw his bread away, when Reuben, enraged at this contempt of his hospitality, made a desperate lunge at his copper-colored guest, who, as luck would have it, was standing on the high bank of the brook.—The tawny brave, viewing his antagonist coming at him with miniature strides only when compared to those of the shadowless man, and pouncing on his victim as an eaglet, coolly stepped aside and permitted our hero to take a bath more refreshing than agreeable.

"Well, you did it!" shouted Sykesey.

"Look before you leap—take no step in life without counting the consequences;" moralized Mr. Flint.

"Hit him again, seeing that he is a small man, away from home, out of money and has got no friends," said Tyndall.

"Ugh!" ejaculated Reuben, as all dripping with coolness he rose from the well, and showed his serpentine figure at no great advantage.

On the next evening, our sojourners pitched their tabernacle at the Big John Spring, distant three miles from Council Grove. It rained with exceeding violence all the afternoon, conveying blissful anticipations to Mr. Appleface, whose felicitous genius had contrived that it should be his turu to do guard duty until midnight. Hitherto there had been but little use in their pickets, but now it had become of some importance, for although the Kanzas are perfectly friendly and honest, yet they have a remarkably keen eye for horse flesh, and their friendship induces them to rid their friends of the trouble of taking care of their steeds.

Valiantly did Reuben take his dragoon pistol and button his great coat about him, but he did not so devotedly sally out in the rain. The water fell in torrents from the sky, the night was unrelieved by a single glimpse of light save the lightning flashes which glared incessantly—the thunder crashed heavily, the winds howled with terrific clangor, the oaks creaked loudly to the storm, the lordly branches were shivered and fell crashing to the earth, while our hero completely soaked, and nearly frighted out of his little wit he ever possessed, crept under the p[illegible] of a thicket of briars. But manfully did he essay to perform his duty; he wandered about like a ghole in a churchyard, and by way of an exploit extraordinary, he tumbled into a sink hole of muddy water.

"Now the Devil and Tom Walker take the lousy, thieving luck to themselves in glory—blast the bloody thing, I do say," were the maledictions of our hero, as he splattered about in the water like a naiad, or a half drowned rat, or any thing else sublime and poetical. In a pleasant pickle was Mr. Appleface when he emerged from obscurity, minus hat and pistol, plus a small sprinkling of mud.

But even thunder storms eventually wreak their full glut of wrath and the cheeks of Notus and Eurus not being insured, grow weary of puffing sometimes. To evidence this, let it suffice that about midnight the moon shone out brightly, and the clouds rapidly broke away, a thing Reuben took in high dudgeon, for when he called up Flint to stand guard, he observed:

"Well, now ain't it enough to make old St. Peter swear to think here I've stood four hours in the rain, the grandest shower ever any poor devil took, an' now I'm goin' off, it's clearin' up."

When morning dawned, our hero arose, betimes, and diligently set about diving for his hat and pistol and finally he enjoyed the extreme felicity of fishing them both up from the dismal wave of the great deep.

CHAPTER VII.

The author trieth his skill as a descriptive writer and failing therein, narrateth verbatim, an ingenius disquisition upon English Poesie, and also touching a memorable Quarrel between Reuben and the Parson.

It was fully 11, A. M., before the little train of which we are the guardian spirits, again resumed its progress, nor did the company proceed farther than the river—a distance of three miles. Council Grove, as the village which may be regarded as the capital of the Kaw nation is called, contains about half a dozen log huts, including a trading post and a blacksmith shop. Nothing particularly romantic, however, distinguishes the hamlet. The scenery around, although somewhat monotonous, is exceedingly beautiful: broad savannas clothed in the richest mantle of prairie verdure and adorned with all the bloom which accompanies a western summer alone, are environed by narrow strips of woodland, where mighty forest trees shoot upward, exulting in their vigorous growth, and the blue Neosho pours her rapid current along beneath the tall waving groves which rise upon its shore.

At the period of which we speak, beneath the shelter of the groves around, the white canvass of the wagon sheets varied the prospect, and at night the flickering blaze of the camp fires gleamed all along the river banks. Our hero and his companions followed the example of their predecessors, and sought a green sheltered sward, intending to camp and remain until they could effect some arrangement for uniting with a train for the ensuing portion of their journey.

The wheels of their wagons moved no farther, but there is one wheel which never ceases to revolve;—old Father Time still rolls on, crushing his own children beneath the felloe, and although now, according to all accounts he must be rather an aged gentleman, yet is there no perceptible diminution from his wonted alacrity. He still continues to get through a day in about his accustomed allotment. The precise point I desire to illustrate by this learned digression, is the fact that by dint of eating, sleeping, playing euere, and sauntering about, our voyageurs managed to wear away the hours.

The night succeeding was beautiful and calm, the firmament glittered as though beset with myriads of gems, and the superior lustre of the evening star ushered in the full serenity of the moonlight, a herald worthy the queenly nocturnal potentate it preceded. The faint embers of the fire of twigs were dying fast away, and the huge backlog was half concealed in its own ashes, when the various members of the mess, each provided with that necessary, a pipe, the ultimatim of a voyageur's enjoyment, gathered around the fire. Tyndall, whose voice was excellent, though not highly cultivated, began to sing Campbell's ballad of "Erin go Braugh."

When he had concluded, he said:

"Harry, to my notion, that is the finest poetry Campbell ever wrote; the words so exactly are adapted to tbe situation of an exile."

"O, I think not," replied Chaloner, "many parts of Gertrude of Wyoming are more richly endowed with poetic feeling and even that is not equal in my estimation, to the 'Pleasures of Hope.'"

"Well, for my part," said Tyndall, "I am so little of a critic that I prefer Locheil to any of his more extended works."

Chaloner drew himself up somewhat after the fashion of Gesler passing sentence on Tell, and proceeded to give judgment:

(*To be continued.*)

A RICH YARN.

THE YANKEE'S PEWTER DOLLAR.

Travelers have all discovered that strangers making their *debut* in large or small villages, generally create more or less sensation among the "natives;" who—if the stranger puts on the slightest degree of mystery, or stops among them any length of time—lose no space nor spare no exertions to sift him to the very bottom.

In one of those localities, the overgrown village of Dayton, Ohio, several years ago there made his appearance a long-legged, lean, lank specimen of human nature, whose *tout ensemble* bespoke him from the land of "pork and beans," or as some seem to reckon it, "the land of steady habits, away down East!" The critter seemed somewhat out of his latitude, and how, or whither he came, none appeared able to elucidate; but certain it was, the stranger created no little sensation and observation, as he sauntered around the village, peeping at this, and peeping into that, with his fists carefully stowed away in the deep recesses of his capacious pockets, and his fuzzy white hat knocked and "crowded" into all sorts of acute angles and indentations, sitting jauntily upon his tow-hair covered head. He had been seen making his entree into the village by the tow-path of the canal, from towards Cincinnati, early in the morning; and about noon, and after having pretty well threaded each by-way, lane, street, avenue and alley of the village, he brought up at a cake and beer shop near the centre of the place, and immediately stalked into the aforesaid depot of cheap fodder. A dutchman kept the shop, and as it was a place of common resort of the idlers and stragglers, it was tolerably well stowed when our down-east *genus*, popped his long, hatchet-shaped phiz into it. He took a cool survey of things in general, and the pyramids of gingerbread pies and things in particular.

"Heow dy'e deou?" says he, giving the old Dutchman behind the counter a familiar nod, which the cake and beer man returned with another nod, and a sort of low gutteral vibration between a snort and a grunt. "Guess ye got some cakes and beer here, ha'nt ye?"

"Well, I tink I has a few," says the beer man.

"Well, yeou hev, that's a fa-act; well yeou, I'm darned hungry, hain't had a bit o' nothin' tu day, and guess I'll hev a few o' them notions, any way," says the stranger, who by this time was the cynosure of all eyes, and the object of considerable merriment to the crowd in and about the beer shop.

The Dutchman and the Yankee "dickered," awhile about quantity and price, but finally the matter being adjusted, the Yankee sat down upon a whiskey cask, arranged his fodder before him on the end of the counter, and started his masticating fossils, full chizzels.

"Stranger," says one of the crowd, "I'll bet somethin' you're a Yankee."

"Well, guess you'd win, tu, on that," says the Yankee.

"Oh! I know'd you was, you're all terrible critters for Gingerbread, hain't you?" continued the inquisitor.

"Ye-es," says the Yankee, taking a pull at his beer, "I reckon we deou devour it once in a while. 'Tain't hard to take when a feller's innards are nigh on to a col-lapse."

"Whar do you hail from when you're at home, any-how?"

"Where deou I hail from?" says the Yankee.

"Yes—whar dy'e b'long?" continued the questioner.

"Where deou I belong? Ye-as—(another swig of the beer)—Well, squire, seein' it's yeou, I'll tell *yeou*. I cum from a mighty ways down to'ards sunrise; ye-as, mighty surprisin' folks deown our way; *spry*, teou, always up afore the sun, darn'd old critter,—often hev to giv it a pry in the cold mornings to get it up and off beout its business. Fact, by golly! Wern't for spry folks deown there in Maine, guess yeou'd hev tu deou witheout a sun 'casionally out this way, for it often takes a heap o' coaxin' and stirrin' to get the old blazer to rise and spread herself!"

"Reckon you have mighty cold snaps down that way!" says one.

"Cold sna-aps?" says the Yankee. "I guess we deou get up a leetle the coldest sna-aps deown there in Maine, 'casionally, ever yeou did see, *per*-haps."

"What do you call cold weather, down there among you Yankees?"

"What do we call cold weather?" says he, "I ken tell yeou, squire; when the cattle's tails drop clean off, and the grind-stone busts; when rams' horns snap-like pipe-stems, and the ceow's bags freeze up; when snow falls fifteen feet upon a level, and hard enough on top to bear an ox; when four and a half proof freezes, and the fire goes out; then, jest aboout *then*, squire, we consider it a mighty cold snap o' weather."

This picture of cold weather symptoms in Maine tickled the crowd amazingly, and the *laugh* seemed to "fire up" the Yankee—

"Guess yeou needn't take on so beout it; bet five dollars yeou hain't got no sich cold sna-aps eout here, any-how?"

As no disposition manifested itself among the crowd to chalk up to the Yankee's weather in Maine, the critter choked down his rising dander, and with a gulp swallowed down the residue of his beer, crowded the last cake into his mouth, and giving that aperture a wipe with the back of his bony hand, he faced the Dutchman.

"Neow landlord, cipher up the damages, and I'll square the account."

"Well, dere vos der beer, six, and dere vos de cakes, ten, dat vos, sixteen cents."

"Sixteen cen-ts? I swan that's a heap o' money to invest in cakes and beer, any-how; sixteen cents? Guess twelve and a half will do, wunt it?"

"No, dot it wont," said the beer man; "shast down mit der monies."

"Well, neow, guess yeou needn't git riled up aboout it, any-how; guess I kin plank the *quater* witheout gittin' cantankerous aboout it. But spose yeou call it jest fourteen cents, cash up, and no grumblin?"

"Bosh!" growls the Dutchman; "deown mit der monies, and clear out of mine house mit yor tampt Yankees."

"Oh, neow! sheow your monkey, will yeou? Guess yeou can't skeer a feller, no heow; but I say, yeou; heold yeour gizzard and let's ar-range business; fourteen cents and—a si-gar—what dy'e say?"

Ready to explode, the old Dutchman frothed at the mouth like a fresh tapped beer cask; but finding that his cool, self-possessed antagonist was not to be gotten rid of without a pecuniary advantage, the Dutchman made the sacrifice, dumped down a melee on the counter, and demanded the cash, fourteen cents, in full!

Leisurely hauling out an old greasy wallet carefully encircled with innumurable tapes and yarns, a Spanish dollar was brought forth, the wallet closed up, stowed away, and the dollar patiently placed upon the counter by the imperturable down-easter.

"Now, there's the pewter, jest smash that, and take eout your bill," says he.

The moment the Dutchman put his fingers on the dollar, his Dutch blood seemed to centre in his expansive face; so red, flaming red, became this *locale*, that a candle might have been ignited therein.

"Shorge! Shorge!" bawls the beer man to one of his deputies, "run down to the squires and git der constable come quick; by'ne mine got, dis Jam Yankee got der counterfeit manish."

Maybe there wasn't a general muss? The Yankee abroad, at all times a *genus* of supposed duplicity, trickiness, sharp bargains, and cute "dodges," was at this critical epoch—the time that Ohio was so bountifully supplied with "bogus"—and by his suspicous maneuvering made an especial object of mistrust and doubt. The bare mention of his presenting a counterfeit dollar was the *cue* for all the lookers on to rush up to the counter, surround the down-easter and examine the dollar, while the shopman made a break for the constable! The whole movement was so suddenly executed, that "down-east" found himself in the hands of the fangs of the law before he could say *punkins*." A great raft of folks honored the "down-east" with a procession to the office of that high and mighty puissant arm of the municipal law—the magistrate.

"Passing counterfeit money, eh?" inquired the magistrate of the plaintiff.

"Yaw, dat is de mosh vot he vos pass on me," says the Dutchman.

"Umph, ah! yes, yes, base counterfeit—rascally fraud!" continues the magistrate, feeling the greasy, white coin, which was nicked with a penknife, rung, smelled, and otherwise tested the *tales de circumstantibus*.

"Well, Mr. Bomwig," says his honor, "go on and tell how and when this transaction took place and all about it." His honor then gave a magisterial snort and cough and the beer man went on to state his case.

"Vell, then squhires, I vos behint mine counter, all by mineself, mit Shorge, mine clark, and all dese oder gent-amen vos sthanding dere too; vell, vile I vos going out, dis tam—"

"Come, come, sir, no swearing here, Mr. Bomwig," says the magistrate.

"Vell, den, squhires, dis t-t-Yankees coom in mine shop, eat mine cakes and dhrinkt mine beer, den de ta-ta- (magistrate shakes his head) den he, dis Yankee, shews me down to fourteen cents, and den he gives dis ta-(frown from the magistrate) dish bogle tollar, vot ish a tam spurish counterfeit."

"I shall fine you, sir, five dollars for that oath sir!" said the magistrate, in rage.

"That's right squire; put it tu the darned critter; consarn him!"

"Silence, you rascal, or I'll send you to the penitentiary without hearing!" says the foaming magistrate to the Yankee; who had, up to the moment of breaking silence, been quietly chipping the top off a very ugly cane in his possession.

"O! well, squire, if you say so, guess I'll shet pan at once; and if you jest hand over that pewter o' mine, guess I'll put eout of this town, any-how!"

"Will you? We'll see about that, you rascal!" responded the magistrate. "Now, constable," he continued, "search the rascal;—see how much of that base coin he has secreted about him."

The Yankee was forthwith fumbled over, tumbled and tossed, every seam and quarter of his rough, plain, and substantial toggery duly scrutinized, and the contents—a large jack-knife, piece of chalk, strings; a wallet, and two letters—were placed upon the desk of the magistrate. The contents of the wallet exhibited several hundred dollars in good specie-paying bank funds, a gold piece, and two five francs, all genoo-ine stuff; although the court tried mighty hard to throw some doubts upon the purity of the funds, it was no go, and the attempt to question the means by which so much money came into the possession of such a queer, common-looking biped, proved equally futile, as the examination of the letters indicated very distinctly that the down easter had a dad and mam of some repute in the State of Maine, and heaps of love, affection and regard for their perambulating offspring—now in the meshes of the Western law.

"Have you been robbing any body, sir? are these your letters, and this your money, sir?' inquires the magistrate, keenly scrutinizing the Yankee.

"Well squire, I reckon as heow them doc-aments be mine, ef I know anything aboout law and gospil. And—'

"What is your calling—what do you follow for a living?' interrupted the magistrate.

"What deou I follow for a livin' Ye-as; well, squire, I live aboout like other folks, deou breath principally, and——'

"Come, sir, no impudence,' says the magistrate, answer direct and to the point. How came you in possession of this counterfeit dollar, this vile fraud, eh?"

"*Counterfeit!* says the Yankee, with evident spirit, 'counterfeit dollar? Squire, deou yeou pretend to say that dollar is counterfeit?'

"Counterfeit, sir? certainly I do; and if you don't render a ready and distinct account of how it came into your possession, I'll commit you forthwith!'

"Well, perhaps yeou will,' says the self-possessed down easter. 'But I calculate, squire, to prove yeour no judge of specie, if yeou be of law, and I'll jest bet yeou or any one else, squire, that that are dollar there is genoo-ine Spanish dollar, *by jingo!*'

"Why, you rascal,' says the magistrate, 'don't I know good money from bad?'

"Calkerlate yeou don't, squire. Ef yeou want to bet on't, I've got the doc-ements to lay up *any heow!*' says the Yankee.

"Bait him!' 'Bait him, squire!' 'Safe bait, squire!' was the cry in court; and the magistrate, in the heat of the excitement and apparent safety of the 'risk,' (i. e. having all the funds in his hands) forgot his dignity and authority, and cried out—

"I'll bet you fifty dollars that that is a bogus dollar!'

"Done, says the Yankee, with the utmost coolness; 'done squire. Jest lay up yeour rags along side o' my hull wallet there, and ef I lose—*take 'em all deown!*'

"That I will,' says his honor, 'and send you to Columbus into the bargain, sir!'

"O! yeou needn't give yeourself any uneasiness 'beout me, perfect business transaction, squire; and I cal-kelate it'll come out nice and and square, *any heow!*'

"Now we'll soon settle this,' says the squire, 'Here you, Jones, you're a silver-smith, feel this dollar!'

"Jones felt the dollar, grinned; smelt it, gave two grins—

"Pewter or Brittany, squire!' says Jones.

"*Yeou,*' says the Yankee to Jones; 'do yeou know seel-ver when yeou see't?' he continues, grinning at the silver-smith.

"Broken I ought to,' says he.

"Fire in that stove o' yourn, squire?' (squire nodded 'yes.') Well, neow, jest give me them tongs and the dollar, so; neow, squire, dunt get alarmed, no hocus pokers 'beout this (all were on the *tenter hooks* of excitement;) but by jest holdin' that dollar over them coals a minute and a half, I fetch it out a bran, spick and span bright and gen-co-ine dollar?'

"The mob rushed the desk, to where the Yankee dropped the dollar from the tongs, and before you could say John Robinson, Esq., the silver-smith bawls—

"Squire, you've lost, by thunder! It is a good dollar, been covered with tin foil or quick silver!'

"The entire crowd acknowledged the corn, the magistrate 'confessed' it at last; but in consideration of handing back the Yankee his wallet and contents, dollar, &c., he generously said they'd call it *square*, and he would *let the stranger off!*

"The leetle ends' of the Yankee's coat tails were soon standing out towards sunset, and court closed for that day."

From Sartain's Magazine.

"THE TIFF."

BY CLARA MORETON.

"IRENE!"

"What!"

"Now don't speak so short. You know I could not help it."

Irene, with a gesture of impatience, moved her chair quickly around.

"You might if you had chosen," she answered tartly.

"But you would not have had me treat her rudely. Now listen to reason, Irene, and don't let such a trifle come between us."

"A trifle! um! yes!" and the vexed maiden wheeled her chair still farther around. "A trifle!" she continued; its no trifle to me that you should be seen by every one in town with Kate Clifford, when we haven't been friends for a year or more. After all she said about me, too! I declare, it's too provoking! A trifle!—no! it is no trifle to her, either; how she will exult over it! Never mind;—I don't care! but you see if I am not even with you yet."

"Irene, what more would you have me say? I told you I could not help it." And Hugh, as he spoke, rose up from his seat, and came round in front of her. "It was just this way. I told you all about it; how she met me at the College grounds: it was nearly dark then, and when she claimed me for an escort, you surely would not have had me refuse her."

"You might have left her at the fair, if you had wished to. But no, it suited you very well to play the devoted to her all the evening, while I was here, alone, crying my eyes out. I'll not be so foolish again, I know that much."

"Now, did you really shed tears for my absence, Irene?"

"I did not say I cried for you. I am sure I would not have cared where you were, so you had kept away from that maneuvering Kate Clifford. I cried because I was angry; for I saw you go down the street with her, and Hal told me, when he came home from the fair, that you scarcely left Kate's side all the evening, excepting when you were sent by her upon some errand. Very well!—you can go again with her this evening, if you choose—it's all the same to me."

Hugh was grieved, not angered, by this unusual mood, and he answered, calmly,

"If you would only be reasonable, Irene. I have told you once how she claimed my services in such a way I could not refuse them; and indeed she found plenty to keep me busy, I assure you, or I should have been here, where I would much rather have been."

Hugh, as he finished speaking, endeavored to imprison the dainty little hand that was pulling so impatiently at the massive chain. But in vain. It was drawn quickly and resolutely away; and the young man could not repress a sigh, as he noted the change which ill humor wrought in the countenance of one he loved so tenderly.

"I am not to be forgiven, then?" he said, in a low, reproachful tone.

Irene would not answer, but her feet beat nervously upon the velvet cushion that lay beneath them.

Hugh turned, and folding his hands behind him, paced the long drawing room, to and fro. There was not a sound to break the stillness, save the flutter of Irene's fan, for Hugh's footsteps fell noiselessly upon the heavily tufted carpet.

Suddenly, Hugh laughed as he approached Irene. It was an unfortunate laugh; for it steeled the heart that was just beginning to yield to its better feelings. But Hugh could not help laughing. The two chairs standing back to back struck him so ludicrously, and Irene filling hers with such an air of offended dignity.

"'*Let those laugh who win,*' Sir Hugh," said Irene, fixing her large black eyes steadily upon him, "As for me, I am in no mood to be laughed at, and I advise you to go to Kate Clifford;—she, no doubt, will tolerate your rudeness; but I never will."

Hugh's cheeks grew a trifle paler at the haughty tone which his betrothed assumed. Without changing his position, he drew on slowly his gloves, one after the other.

"Good night, Irene, I shall not trouble you soon again with my presence," he said at last, and lingered a moment, but vainly, for an answer. Another, and he was gone.

As the door closed upon him, Irene started to her feet. Her full, crimson lips parted, as though she would have called him back; but pride conquered love, as it has often and often done before and since, and she sank back in her chair, vexed at her own hasty words, and vexed with Hugh for obeying her so readily.

Moment after moment stole away. Not a sound, save her quick-repeated sighs, and the nervous tappings of her fan. She drew her locket from the folds of her rich brocade dress, where it was hidden, and gazed earnestly and sadly upon the expressive face which the artist had so faithfully drawn.

"Those full, brown eyes!—she could not forget how often they had showered their sunlight of love upon her. The manly tenderness of that

(*Concluded on fourth page.*)